

PRABUDDHA BHARATA

OR

Awakened India

उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत ।

Arise ! awake ! and stop not till the goal is reached !

Katha. Upa. I. iii. 4.

VOLUME III.

ALBANY

Kum. son, - Himalayas).

(Complete in five numbers.)

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Editor: Swami Swarupananda
1 from June 1895,

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Katha. Upa. I. iii. IV.

Prabuddha Bharata

OR

THE AWAKENED INDIA.

VOL. III.

No. 1.

To the Awakened India	Swami Vivekananda.
True Vairagyam	Stage IV.
The Debt of Hypocrisy	Swami Ramakrishnananda.
The Outlook of Indian Monism.....	Swami Saradananda.
The Legend of Dame Care.....	Annie Truscott Wood.
Editorial Section:	
Prabuddha Bharata.—In Memoriam: Pavhari Baba of Ghazipur (N)	
—Acknowledgment.	

Publisher's Notice.

The Publisher regrets the delay in getting out the first number of Prabuddha Bharata and the bad printing,— the unavoidable results of having to bring up the press and materials from the plains upon a height of about 6000 feet above the sea level and then hurriedly going through the work with new and inexperienced hands. It is hoped these shortcomings will be got over in the second number.

PRABUDDHA BHARATA

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PRABUDDHA BHARATA.

Vol. III.

AUGUST, 1898.

No. 1.

TO THE AWAKENED INDIA.

Once more awake!

For sleep it was, not death, to bring thee life
Anew, and rest to lotus-eyes, for visions
Daring yet. The world in need awaits, O Truth!
No death for thee!

Resume thy march,

With gentle feet that would not break the
Peaceful rest, even of the road-side dust
That lies so low. Yet strong and steady,
Blissful, bold and free. Awakener, ever
Forward! Speak thy stirring words.

Thy home is gone,

Where loving hearts had brought thee up, and
Watched with joy thy growth. But Fate is strong
This the law,—all things come back to the source
Their strength to renew.

Then start afresh

From the land of thy birth, where vast cloud-belted
Snows do bless and put their strength in thee,
For working wonders anew. The heavenly
River tunes thy voice to her own immortal song;
Deodar shades give thee eternal peace.

PRABUDDHA BHARATA.

And all above,

Himala's daughter Umâ, gentle, pure,
The Mother that resides in all as Power
And Life, Who works all works, and
Makes of One the world. Whose mercy
Opes the gate to Truth, and shows
The One in All, give thee untiring
Strength, which leads to Infinite Love.

They bless thee all,

The seers great whom age nor clime
Can claim their own, the fathers of the
Race, who felt the heart of Truth the same,
And bravely taught to man ill-voiced or
Well. Their servant, thou hast got
The secret,—'tis but One.

Then speak, O Love!—

Before thy gentle voice serene, behold how
Visions melt, and fold after fold of dreams
Departs to void, till Truth and Truth alone,
In all its glory shines.—

And tell the world—

Awake, arise, dream no more!
This is the land of dreams, where Karma
Weaves unthreaded garlands with our thoughts,
Of flowers sweet or noxious,—and none
Has root or stem, being born in naught, which
The softest breath of Truth drives back to
Primal nothingness. Be bold, and face
The Truth! Be one with it! Let visions cease,
Or, if you cannot, dream then truer dreams,
Which are Eternal Love and Service Free.

VIVEK NANDA.

TRUE VAIRAGYAM

TRUE VAIRAGYAM.

Some four hundred years ago there lived in a forest, near a certain village of holy Braja, a great devotee Sanatan by name, the favorite disciple of Sri Gouranga, the immortal prophet of Nadia. Every one who cares to read the life of Sri Gouranga may know very well what exalted position this our Sanatan held as the prime minister to the Nawab of his time, his opulence and his power. But we are not now going to give any description of them. What we propose to do here is to narrate an incident which occurred in his life as a recluse.

We need not enter into the details of the events which led the prime minister of the Nawab of Bengal to become a recluse. Let us say that somehow or other Sanatan managed to give up the world and at the kind suggestion of his Guru was able to live as a devotee in the much wished for Vana of Vrinda, subsisting only upon viksha or begging alms, a life which many real great men of his time were almost mad to adopt.

There are four kinds of viksha prescribed for a recluse and Sanatan was living by the last one—known as madhukari—a word derived from madhukara, a bee. As a bee collects honey from different flowers so a vikshu or religious mendicant who observes madhukari begs his food from different houses bit by bit, without taking it all from one place.

Every devotee must offer the food he cooks or gathers to his God before he should take it. For it is written that the food and the drink which are not offered to the Deity must be considered as filthy and unclean. An earnest and loving devotee of the Lord. Sanatan could not possibly partake of the crumbs of bread collected by madhukari—dry and hard as stone though they were—without first offering them to the Lord with a sufficient quantity of cool and sweet water of a beautiful well which can be seen even to this day.

Thus when the days of Sanatan were passing peacefully and pleasantly in deep devotion, one night he saw in a dream that his Beloved appeared be-

fore him and was telling him, "Sanatan, I can eat no more your coarse bread; you put not even a grain of salt with it. Please do give me a little salt henceforth that I may devour it with more ease." Sanatan got up immediately with the names of his Lord in his lips and repented very much for his conduct towards his Beloved. Since that morning whenever after the performance of his usual religious duties Sanatan went out for his alms he never forgot to beg some salt for his Lord.

In this way Sanatan engaged his mind in devotion every day more and more and God who does not care for any things of the world from his devotee but his genuine love for Him, was pleased with Sanatan and just by way of play which He is so fond of making with His favorites, as if to see how zealously attached our friend Sanatan was to his ascetic habits and practice of renunciation, He appeared before Sanatan once again.

Sanatan had a dream another night in which he saw his Lord come to him and saying in a piteous strain, "Dear Sanatan, it is very good of you to give me a pinch of salt every day with the bread, but I should very much like you to supply me with a few drops of ghee (clarified butter) to make the hard and dry pieces of bread a little soft and moist." Sanatan awoke, but this time not with any remorse in his mind as before. He went direct to the image of the Lord he used to worship daily, nay hourly or should I say every moment in the heart of his hearts and began to talk to Him thus:- "O Lord, at first you asked for some salt and I readily acquiesced in your reasonable demand; you know what worry and loss of time I suffer for that. Now you want ghee again and then probably after some days you might ask for sweets. I am sorry I cannot comply with your request any more. If you really need better food than what I can offer you, please try for a Bhakta who has wealth. I am a poor mendicant and a Vairagi. Pray do not destroy my Vairagyam." And lo! in a very short time there came a millionaire who raised a grand temple for the God of Sanatan and made arrangements for His seba (daily entertainments) in a princely style and that God is the famous Madan Mohan of Vrindavana of the present day. And here we all look up to Sanatan with a deep sense of admiration for his example of Tyag (renunciation) and remain speechless at the unique instance of his refusing even his God, only for fear of losing the spirit of Tyag which is so much neglected in these days of so-called advancement and culture.

STAGE IV.

THE DEBT OF HYPOCRISY.

A thief coming to rob a large Calabash* fruit growing on a thatched roof of a certain farmer's house in the night found that one of the branches of a tree close by extended itself to the roof. He at once climbed up to that branch and was going to pluck the fruit away when the branch on which he stood broke and he fell flat on the roof. The roof itself was very old and in its turn gave way and down came the thief, Calabash and all. The sudden noise produced by the fall roused the burly farmer and his sickly wife from their slumber and when they came with a light from the adjoining compartment they saw the figure of a man smeared all over with the sacred ashes absorbed in divine contemplation, muttering Siva, Siva, Siva, through his lips. Their rustic simplicity was so much imposed upon by the action of this thief, who had in the meanwhile smeared himself with the ashes which he found in a hearth close by, and had had recourse to this stratagem as the only means of saving himself from being belaboured, that they believed him to be some Angel sent down from heaven, in answer to their prayers to save the housewife from an illness with which she was suffering for a long time. She now earnestly prayed that she might be relieved from the distress at once. The thief who by this time came to know how the affairs stood opening his eyes asked, "Is this my world and you my devotees?" Now the happy pair took him for Siva himself and prostrated at his feet when the thief blessed them with a handful of ashes. And assuring them that that was the last night of their misery on this earth he left the house with the Calabash fruit which they insisted upon his taking as their poor offering.

When the thief found himself alone and beyond the reach of all dangers he began to think over the matter seriously. Thought he that if even playing a Sadhu for a moment could save him from an imminent danger, what the result would have been had he devoted his ill-spent life in sincere meditation and earnest prayers to the Lord. Repentance followed and resulted in a sudden change in his life and character which moulded what would otherwise have been a sad old age into a bright future, for he soon found himself relieved from all his earthly ties and ever since devoted himself solely to the services of the Lord.

*A gourd the shell of which serves as a cup for mendicants.

This story apart from teaching us that no regard is to be had to the mere habit or outside of any person but to undisguised worth and intrinsic virtue, shows that even one moment of sincere devotion to God can free us from the effects of Karmas accumulated in many births, for is it a wonder that a single stone can disperse even many crores of crows assembled together?

RAMAKRISHNANANDA.

* * *

The longest night seems to be passing over, the sorest trouble seems to have an end at last, the sleeping corpse seems to be waking, and a voice is coming unto us, away back where history and even tradition fail to peep into the gloom of the past, coming down from there, reflected as it were from peak to peak of the infinite Himalaya of knowledge, and of love, and of work, which is this Mother-land of ours, India,—a voice is coming unto us gentle, firm, and yet unmistakable in its utterances, and is gaining volume as days pass by, and behold the sleeper is awakening, like a breeze from the Himalayas, it is bringing life unto almost the dead bones and muscles, the lethargy is passing away, and only the blind do not see, or the perverted will not see, that she is awakening, this Mother-land of ours, from her deep long sleep. None can resist any more; never is she going to sleep any more, no untoward powers can hold her back any more; for the infinite giant is rising to her feet.—SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

* * *

Converting uprightness into a cloak, and meditation into a breastplate, he covered mankind with the armour of religion, and provided them with the most perfect panoply. Bestowing on them memory as a shield, and intellect as a sceptre, he conferred religion on them as the Sword that vanquishes all that is incompatible with uprightness, investing them with the three wisdoms (i. e., of the three great truths, viz., the impermanence of all things, the presence of sorrow, and the non-existence of a [i. e., the individual or Jiva] soul), as an ornament and the four phala (the fruit of the four paths) as a tiara. He also bestowed on them the six branches of wisdom as a decoration such as flowers to be worn; assigning the supreme law to them as the white canopy of dominion which subdues the sins (of heresy), and procuring for them the consolation (of redemption from transmigration) which resembles a full-blown flower, he and his disciples attained Nirvana.—Buddhaghoso's commentary on the Buddhawanso, translated by Turnour in the J. R. A. S. B. VII, 796.

THE OUTLOOK OF INDIAN MONISM.

Much has been said, regarding the supremacy of the system of philosophy, and religion, revealed to the sages of India in bygone prehistoric times and known to us as the Vedanta System. As affording a basis for reconciliation of all the contradictory and hostile systems of thought, by pointing to the one goal, which they have been all tending to; as supplying a proper and reasonable solution of human life and its activities and of the good and bad motives of conduct that have been moving the individual, the social and the national life in the world and that have been equally beneficial through harmony or friction for the uplifting of humanity; and as upholding hopes of the highest enlightenment and expression of power for sinner and saint alike, through the mighty and irresistible processes of evolution and devolution, it has been commanding the respect for centuries of sincere and thoughtful men all over the world and will continue to do so for ages to come. The great exponents of Western pessimistic and optimistic thought, Schopenhauer and Emerson have both of them showered praises equally on this system of Indian thought and have acknowledged their indebtedness for spiritual growth and enlightenment and peace and solace that have been brought to their respective lives, moving in two opposite lines, by it and through it. Interested bodies might say what they please, in their misdirected zeal for orthodoxy, but the glaring search lights of the antiquarian, the philologist and the students of the world's history, have proved again and again the fact that our world is one homogeneous whole and different nations and philosophies and religions, however independent and separate they might think themselves, are all related to one another for their respective growth and development and are all indebted for some vital part or other to Indian civilisation and Indian thought. System after system of philosophic and religious thought, have arisen from this eternal fountain-head of wisdom and spirituality and have shed their blessings on the many, murmuring forth the one message of concord and agreement. The claims of the spirit were recognised. "Man is not really what he seems to be. Infinite possibilities lie within him as well as the power and the resources to bring them out. Deep in the heart of the infinite love and knowledge, is his eternal abode,

and never has he really lost the effulgent glory of his own absolute nature.....” Out from the heart of the Indian scriptures flowed the religion of the Zend, which arranged and expressed with, added power by Zarathustra, gave such a stimulus to Christianity by supplying the latter with many of its cardinal principles of sin, atonement and devotion through love. Out of it again “in the long drawn miles of time”, came forth Buddhism, a beautiful child full of sympathy and love and service to all, that sent its messages of peace and love even to Asia Minor, where a few hundreds of years after, the mighty “man of sorrows”, repeated them in almost the same words while teaching in the mountains of the holy land. Testimonies are not wanting in this direction and innumerable instances can be brought forward from the pages of history. But it is sufficient for our purpose here to see the power and vitality which the religious thought of India possessed of old and the stimulus it afforded to the many great religious movements of the world. Has it died out at the present day? Has it become “a bewildering festering pool of ignorance and superstition,” as some of our contemporaries have been advised to call it, in and outside our country, forgetting in their hasty and one-sided zeal, the debt of gratitude and fellowship, which they owe to Indian spiritual thought? Are there no mainsprings of life and conduct for guiding and regulating the individual, society and the nation, to be found in the system of the Vedanta? Our little paper is to discuss this vital question touching the Indian religious life and throw some hints and suggest ones to help bring in the light, that has been dawning on the horizon of India. Infinite possibilities lie imbedded in the teachings of the sages of old and the more we turn towards them with uplifted gaze and consider them in their practical bearings, for the guidance and regulation of the conduct of the individual, clearer becomes the vision of the future glory of the country. For societies and nations are but the aggregates of different individual units and a system of religion and philosophy, which has the power of directing the conduct of these units, to higher and higher ends, cannot but help to ennoble and uplift the social and national standard.

In studying the religious history of the world, the one fact that becomes most obvious to the mind of the student, is that all the great religions have begun with pessimism, and painted the life of man on this side of the grave in dark colours. It is natural and easy for a man to take to this dark side of life, considering the thousand and one difficulties that beset his path, in his travel through this vale of sorrow and tears; the thousand and one hopes that become snatched to pieces even from his childhood and the many dis-

appointments that crowd on his heels in this 'two day's existence.' The unrequited love, the faithlessness of many, the hard struggle and competition, the wicked in power, misery, disease and pain—all serve their quota in making him take his refuge in this cynical view of human existence. "Turn your eyes away from this life and its miseries and strive to again that life beyond the grave, where happiness reigns supreme and all inequalities of the human conditions are smoothed down by a divine and loving hand,"—thus say the scriptures of the nations. Call after call goes out, to bring man to this higher existence and the life here and that hereafter are viewed as two entirely different things, so that one must give up the one in order to find the other. Examine the ethics of Buddhism, of Christianity, of the Koran and the Avesta in the light of the lives and the teachings of their founders and the first upholders of the respective faiths, and you will find this common string of pessimism running through them all.

Arguments have been brought forward by many of the Christian faith, that Christianity is one exception to this common rule. Little do they reckon the great modifications the religion is undergoing, through the blazing light of modern science which has been beating upon it from all sides. Little do they dream how many pet theories of old, believed and guarded tenaciously by its first followers have been stranded beyond recovery by the cruel blowing of the Scientific Wind, so that the wrecks are now lying strewn about and buried in the past history of the faiths, affording food to the antiquarian for drawing his own conclusions, contrary to what have been so long held. The Christian evidences show clearly that "give up" was the watchword of that holy scripture, that the motive of a higher gain and not love for love's sake, moved the early Christians to accept the faith; that the idea that the day of reckoning is close at hand, gave the stimulus and zest to the early followers, and that none of the apostles were taken from women and that the condition of women was not so comfortable as it is at the present day in the West. Gladly do we acknowledge the good, and the high ideals that we find in the scripture and the lives of the Christian nations and grateful are we for the many blessings they have brought to us in India, but when they claim that all their beautiful

social and political organisations, the better condition of development given to womankind and the masses, the pliability of the different strata of society, the education, the activity and the wonders they have achieved by the application of science in their daily lives, have all been the outcome of their faith alone, we beg to differ and turn to history to find a more reasonable and satisfactory answer. Hundreds and thousands of the followers of the faith used to turn their steps to the deserts and mountain wildernesses as monks, believing that to be the sure and short way of getting into heaven and salvation, as we read in the accounts of the desert fathers. Strenuous opposition was made for hundreds of years against putting the scripture in the hands of the laymen and women were regarded by many a learned divine, as having no souls in them and hence outside the province of grace and salvation. But we have little to do with these old relics of curious dogmas in the great museum of antiquity, excepting that a comparative study of them helps us to realise the equality of conditions through which every religion has passed or must pass on their way to growth and development, thereby making us less bigoted and 'cocksure' (to use a commonplace but expressive term) about our own opinions and more liberal and willing to lend a helping hand, to those, who honestly differ from us.

"Let the dead past bury its dead and turn to the actual, the living, the present"—says the man of today, with his energetic practical business habits. 'Yes, why rake up the memories of the dead? Remain in the present, the ever present. Do, what is to be done now and cast neither a remorseful look on the past nor a wistful glance in the future'—responds practical Vedanta. Therefore as men of today and devoted admirers of the Vedanta, it behoves us to consider the *present* possibilities of the subject in hand.—(*To be continued*)

SARADANANDA.

* * *

The one characteristic of people is that the less they know about a thing the more emphatically can they deny it.

* * *

In the quiet of the mind, the higher thought asserts itself.

THE LEGEND OF DAME CARE.

(From the German of Herman Sudermann. Translated by Annie Truscott Wood).

There was once a mother, to whom God had given a little son, but she was so poor and so lonely that she had nobody to be sponsor for him. She sighed and thought: " Wherever shall I find a god-mother ? " Then one evening, as the twilight was falling, a woman came to her house, with grey garments and a grey shawl wrapped about her head, who said : " I will be god-mother to your boy, and see to it that he grows up to be a good man and does not let you die of hunger. But you must give me his soul."

Then the mother trembled and said: " Who art thou? "

" I am Dame Care, " replied the grey woman. The mother wept, but as she was so hungry, she gave the woman her boy's soul, and then she was his god-mother.

The boy grew and worked hard, so that he might earn bread for his mother. But as he had no soul, he had no joy and no youth, and often he looked at his mother with reproachful eyes, as if he would ask her:

" Mother, where is my soul ? "

Then the mother was troubled, and went out to seek a soul for him.

She asked the stars in heaven: " Will you give him a soul? " But they said: " He is too mean for us."

She asked the flowers on the moor; they said: " He is too ugly for us."

She asked the birds in the trees; they said: " He is too mournful for us."

She asked the tall trees; they said: " He is too humble for us."

She asked the wise serpents; they said; " He is too stupid for us."

Then she went sobbing on her way. In the forest she met a beautiful young princess surrounded by many courtiers.

And because she saw the mother weeping, the princess got down from her horse, and took the poor woman to her castle, which was built entirely of gold and precious stones.

There she said: " Tell me, why do you weep? " And the mother told the princess her sorrow, that she could not get a soul for her boy, nor joy, nor youth.

Then the princess said: " I can not bear to see any body weep: what do you think—I will give him my soul."

Then the mother fell down before her and kissed her hands.

" But I am not going to do it of my own accord, he must ask me for it," Then

the mother went with her to her son, but Dame Care had wound her grey veil about his head, so that he could not see the princess.

The mother pleaded: "Dear Dame Care, please let him go."

But Dame Care smiled—whoever sees her smile must weep—and said: "He must free himself."

"How can he do it?" asked the mother. "He must sacrifice everything to me that he holds dear," said Dame Care. Then the mother grieved greatly, and lay down and died. The princess is still waiting for her wooer,



The following touching tribute to the memory of the late Mr. Goodwin was sent by the Swami Vivekananda to the papers:—"With infinite sorrow I learn the sad news of Mr. Goodwin's departure from this life, the more so as it was terribly sudden and therefore prevented all possibilities of my being at his side at the time of death. The debt of gratitude I owe him can never be repaid and those who think they have been helped by any thought of mine, ought to know, that almost every word of it, was published through the untiring and most unselfish exertions of Mr. Goodwin. In him I have lost a friend true as steel, a disciple of never-failing devotion, a worker who knew not what tiring was and the world is less rich by one of those few who are born, as it were, to live only for others.



REQUIESCAT IN PACE.—(J. J. GOODWIN).

Speed forth, O Soul ! upon thy star-strewn path,
Speed, blissful one ! where thought is ever free,
Where time and space no longer mist the view.
Eternal peace and blessings be with thee.

Thy service true, complete thy sacrifice,
Thy home the heart of love transcendent finds,
Remembrance sweet, that kills all space and time
Like altar roses fill thy place behind.

Thy bonds are free, thy quest in bliss is found,
And one with that which comes as death and life,
Thou help-ful one, unselfish e'er on earth.
Ahead, still help with love this world of strife.

EDITORIAL SECTION.

PRABUDDHA BHARATA.

Arise ! awake ! and stop not till the goal is reached !

Katha. Upa. I. iii, 14.

Prabuddha Bharata comes to its readers this month in a new garb. On the demise of its gifted editor, it died a natural death. But now, like a new Phoenix, emerging from its own ashes, it returns to the world after but a brief suspension of activity. Its past Karma, gathered in the diffusion of the highest Vedantic thought, demanded its re-incarnation.

The management under which Prabuddha Bharata will henceforth appear, pretends to no higher ideal than was set up for its conduct in the first issue of the Journal (July 1896). It will strive to maintain the paper on the same lines as have been so admirably followed for the last two years, with only such additions and alterations as growing needs require.

While writing on this subject, it may not be out of place to mention that the present conductors have at their head the Swami Vivekananda, and that the pages of the Magazine will be enriched by regular contributions from his pen.

A word of explanation is necessary, with regard to the alteration of the title-page.

Ages ago, Indian thought, travelling by many ways, reached the West, but it is only about two generations since the foremost thinker of the Occidental world, at that time, declared that the one advantage which his age possessed over all others, was in gaining access to the ideals of Ancient India. Indeed, before

the time of Schopenhauer, Indian thought lay shrouded in the darkness of Western ignorance, or at best was regarded with stolid indifference as mere heathen fetishism. But ever since the rays of the mighty German genius first fell upon the Upanishads, that attitude has been slowly undergoing a change, until, as he prophesied, "the white man and his fair lady stray into the Indian woods, and there come across the Hindu sage under the banyan tree. The hoary tree, the cool shade, the refreshing stream, and above all, the hoarier, cooler, and the more refreshing philosophy that falls from his lips enchant them. The discovery is published; pilgrims multiply. A Sanyasin from our midst carries the altar-fire across the seas. The spirit of the Upanishads makes a progress in distant lands. The procession develops into a festival. Its noise reaches Indian shores, and behold ! our Mother-land is awakening !"

This phase in the modification of Western thought was intended to be represented by the sketch hitherto appearing on the cover of this publication. But it hardly needs saying that it is a phase long out of date. It would be an anachronism to continue to paint Western men and women straying to-day into Indian woods, and alighting, as if by the merest chance, upon a Hindu Sage, and standing there, shy and uncertain, at a safe distance, ready to fly at a moment's notice, when as a matter of fact the Sanyasin's banner has been carried by the rising sun of the Prabuddha Bharata itself, to the very heart of the West, and that Noble Truth—the one thing that is the inheritance of India alone amongst the nations,—the Truth that behind this manifold curtain of existence there is Unity, is winning its way daily and hourly deeper into the hearts of men and women in the West, illuminating their science and philosophy, and giving a colour all its own, to their profoundest utterances.

We have accordingly changed our title-page, and have also

thought it wise to reduce the size of the paper slightly, and add four pages to its former bulk, making some other small improvements, while we keep the rate of subscription at the same low figure of Re. 1-8., a year.

We have also deemed it necessary to replace the old motto by another, which appeared to us more fitting to the aim and nature of the work, *Prabuddha Bharata* has before it. The English rendering which we publish of it, is, as the reader will observe, not literal. It is a free, running translation of the sense, couched in the vigorous words of the Swami Vivekananda—for as many readers will probably recollect, it is taken from one of his lectures.

IN MEMORIAM.

PAVHARI * BABA OF GHAZIPUR.

We cannot allow the first number of the new issue of *Prabuddha Bharata* to go out without some memorial of the passing-away, on June the 10th last, of one of the greatest Hindu Saints of post-Vedic times.

On that morning, Pavhari Baba of Ghazipur, who had spent some thirty years in continuous worship was set free from physical existence.

It is said that even in his death this great Sadhu ran out, as it were, to meet the footsteps of the Lord, himself sprinkling the incense, and finding his funeral pyre in the sacrificial flames of his ordinary worship.

To know that renunciation is indeed complete, so that the

Pavan-Abhari 'one who lives upon air' as he used to pass months together in Samādhi, without food.

very means of sacrifice may itself become a part of the offering, is given to few, even of Indian saints: none could have stronger title to such a grace than he who had found in the bite of a cobra only 'a messenger from the Beloved.'

It was a life all athrob with the ecstasy of God, a life to which the separateness and contraction of earthly conditions must have been a long sacrament of self-surrender. We believe that its closing act unlocks great hidden stores of spiritual force, which shall stream forth amongst the nations, electrifying sleeping souls everywhere, till the GOD within answers to the shock. The name of Pavhari Baba will yet be of vast significance: 'he being dead yet speaketh.'

Well may the sons and daughters of our land worship this mighty Yogin, kissing the very dust in thanks to the Voice that spoke, and glory to him who answered, but these few weeks ago, the welcome summons of release. N.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

It is with sincere gratitude that we acknowledge receipt, from various parts of India, of letters of sympathy and condolence at the sad and untimely death of our late lamented editor, a notice of which melancholy event appeared at length in our last issue. Indeed the sudden loss of Mr. Rajam Iyer—'our saintly editor,' as a correspondent very happily calls him—is not only irreparable, but a loss the magnitude of which it is impossible to fully realize at the present moment. It is for us to watch silently the hand which maketh all and yet doeth nothing and wish that may the departed soul find a peaceful abode in the selfsame light which it strove so successfully to bring to the hearts of all that came in contact with it